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LIFE.



FRANCIS I. AND DIANE DE POITIERS.



ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER.

HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.

McKinley in Futuro.

WHETHER by posterity
He'll be painted light or dark,
He certainly is bound to be
Remembered as a man of Mark.

"If You See It In The Sun—"

JOHNNY: Pa, a patriot is a man who
is willing to die for his country,
ain't he?

MR. ANNEXEM: Yes, my son.

"An' if men fight for their country
an' some of them gets killed, there ain't
no question about them bein' patriots, is
there?"

"No, indeed, my boy; no, indeed."

"Well, why ain't the Filipinos pa-
triot, pa?"

"Er—because, my son, because—er—
Now, Johnny, I tell you what to do. you
just sit down and write a nice, polite
letter—and be sure to be very careful
about the spelling, grammar and punctu-

ation—to the *Sun*, asking it; it knows all
about it, and will be glad to explain."

Easily Accounted For.

FIRST STREET WAIF: She died
from eating too much ice cream.

SECOND STREET WAIF (taking a last
look): No wonder she smiles.

The Price.

GRANGER: The second day after I
got to the Klondike I made two
thousand dollars.

NABBERLY: What did you do then?

"Dined."

SMITH: I have great sympathy for
Southern railroads.

JONES. How's that?

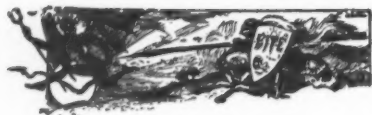
"We both have so many poor connec-
tions."

A MAN is known by the promises he
keeps.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOM? YOU DON'T
LOOK WELL."

"I FEEL AS IF SOME ONE WERE PLAYING
'DIE WALKURE' ON MY FIDDLE-STRINGS."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

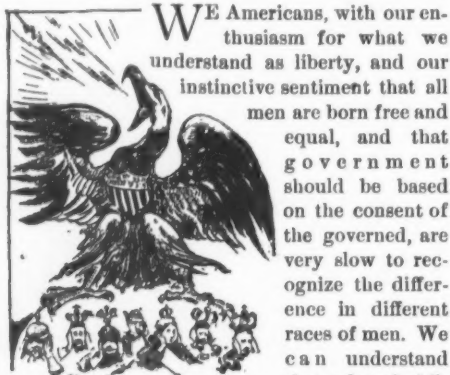
VOL. XXXIII. MAY 18, 1899. No. 860.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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WE Americans, with our enthusiasm for what we understand as liberty, and our instinctive sentiment that all men are born free and equal, and that government should be based on the consent of the governed, are very slow to recognize the difference in different races of men. We can understand that a lot of children must be governed and looked after, whether they consent or not; but our tendency is to regard all adults as capable of looking after themselves. We showed that tendency after the civil war, when we gave the suffrage to the Southern negroes. We show it constantly in our talk and feelings about the Filipinos. Facts are stubborn, and will not change immediately to fit theories. To expect men to be free and equal helps in some degree to make them so, but it does not cause them to win into that condition off-hand. The degree of independence which may be the meat of one race may be the bane of another. Hayti is an example. What we should desire for all men is what we desire for our children, the most liberty they can use with profit, with increasing degrees of it as their training proceeds and their capacity increases.

On the other hand, there is always danger that a guardian nation may be too incredulous of the ability of an infant people to keep its legs. If we are to set

up as a guardian, we must guard sedulously against that danger. The difficulty is in determining the point at which any people that has been in leading strings is strong enough to go alone. When an infant comes of age the law relieves parents and guardians of further responsibility. But it is not so with peoples. The evidence of their capacity to go alone is too apt to be their ability to thrash their guardians. The Filipinos have tried that test with us, and it has apparently failed. Let us have no similar doings with Cuba. We are under no obligations to fight the Cubans for their good. Let us get out of that island at the earliest possible moment. If the Cubans can't manage without us they will probably ask for annexation. If they can manage without us, so much the better. Let us not keep our troops in their island until they lose confidence in our expressed intentions. If we get out of Cuba successfully it will encourage us greatly to hope that we may presently escape also from the Philippines.



GENERAL ALGER has been home to Michigan to see his neighbors. General Merritt and General Joseph Wheeler went with him. They told his friends in Detroit what they thought of him. General Merritt said he had made fewer mistakes and had been more abused than Stanton, and had done nobly. General Wheeler declared that history will say that our ninety days' war with Spain was "an achievement without parallel in the history of the civilized world." "It will say," he added, "that instead of Carnot of France, that greatest of European War Ministers, and instead of Stanton of our own country, that this great accomplishment was under the direction of Russell A. Alger." He said further:

Every soldier—and I see some before me who were with the army at Santiago—everyone will testify that during that campaign there was not one breath of complaint from a soldier on that island. There was not one question of equipment about the rations that were issued, and there never was a suggestion that they were not of the best quality.

These are splendid notices. That of General Merritt commands especial attention, because General Merritt has not always thought so well of General Alger.

It may be that General Wheeler has overdone his notice a little, but his is an enthusiastic nature, and he is prone to warm to his subject.

It appears that General Alger is not unfavorably disposed towards the idea of representing Michigan in the Senate. If the Michiganders want to send him there, they must not hesitate for fear his services are needed by the country at large. Michigan can have him. If there is a prospect of his getting a new situation, it would be a pity to impair the force of the excellent character which has just been given him. Let it stand, therefore, and speak. The fact that General Alger's great worth is imperfectly appreciated by the public at large makes it all the more proper that Michigan should appreciate and employ him.



THERE is probably no reader of LIFE who has not learned from the newspapers that a gentleman in New York lately got a divorce from his wife, and that immediately afterwards the lady married another man. Great interest appears to be felt in the future of the versatile wife, and much anxiety obtains and finds expression lest her exchange of husbands should prove to be too advantageous. It is felt that if life turns out to be too agreeable to her, it will tend to increase the popularity of divorce and make the duration of family ties uncertain. Conscientious persons are therefore depending upon one another to take a proper stand, and to see, as far as they may, that this lady does not have too much fun.

Anyone who is losing sleep over this matter had better trust to Providence and take courage. Wise and lucky people who keep the rules find it hard enough to have fun. Unwise and unlucky persons who break the rules find it still harder. Whether we are rich or poor, plain or pretty, what we reap depends chiefly on what we sow. Divorce, at best, is mighty inconvenient, and, at worst, still more so. It implies a great misfortune or a disastrous failure. It grows its own thorns, and to rub it in is not necessary. Let us cease to distress ourselves over this case, and try ourselves to live as we will wish we had lived when our children come to marry.



The Season's Queen.

THE summer girl of ninety-nine
Now bids us to adore her;
I wonder where she differs from
The maids who went before her?
One change of fashion, though, we
note,
Which doubtless will delight her,
'Tis plain, in shady nooks and
drives,
That arms are growing tighter.

Something Wrong.

"I WANT you to tell me how
much you love me."
"Why, I have, dear."
"But I want you to tell me over
again."
"What, now?"
"Yes, now."
"But you know I do."
"No, you don't."
"What makes you think I
don't?"
"You'd tell me if you did."
"But I have told you."
"Yes, but—"
"Nonsense. I love you."
"You don't! You wouldn't be
so horrid if you did."
"Haven't I told you that I love
you?"
"But I don't want you to."
"You just said you did."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.
"MAMMA, YOU PROMISED
NOT TO PUNISH ME IF I
TOLD THE TRUTH."
"YES; AND I WON'T."
"THEN I MUST TELL YOU
THAT I LIED TO YOU THIS
MORNING."

"No, I didn't—not that way."
"Which way, then?"
"If you loved me, you'd know."
"Hang it all! What do you want
me to say?"
"You brute!"
"But, my dear."
"I hate you!"
"Come, come, my darling."
"Don't say another word."
"All right. I'll be silent."
"There! I knew you'd do it."
"Do what?"
"What I didn't want you to do."
"Just tell me what you want me
to do."
"I won't! I wouldn't give you
the satisfaction."
"Then, if you won't tell me what
you want me to do, what *am* I to
do?"
"You can do as you please. I
don't care."
"All right. I will."
"Then remember. Don't ever
come near me again."
"But—"
"Don't touch me, don't speak to
me, don't—"
"But I thought you didn't
care?"
"As if I did!" Tom Masson.

He Ought To Be.

NERA MANN: Is he out of
danger?

CUTTING HINTZ: They have
discharged the doctor.

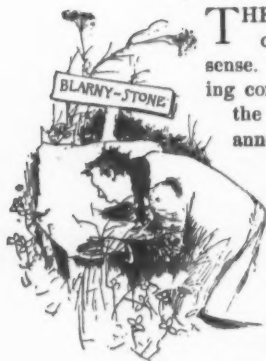


A HAT FROM PARIS!



HER FINAL EFFORT.

Lying as a Fine Art.



THE plain truth is always offensive to the æsthetic sense. The art of sugar-coating conversation, of trimming the corners off unpleasant announcements, of rising superior to the actual, of being independent of mere, unadorned fact, is a rare endowment, and one that lends a distinct charm to a soiled and sordid civilization. Yet this noble gift is berated by all the materialistic and unimaginative elements of our social system, and is stigmatized by such opprobrious terms as mendacity, inaccuracy, falsehood, fiction and vulgar lying. To the æsthetic mind a great liar is a great genius; and were society constituted on a proper basis, Baron Munchausen would be as highly honored as



AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

Inspector: I NOTICE THAT IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH YOU ARE BALD.

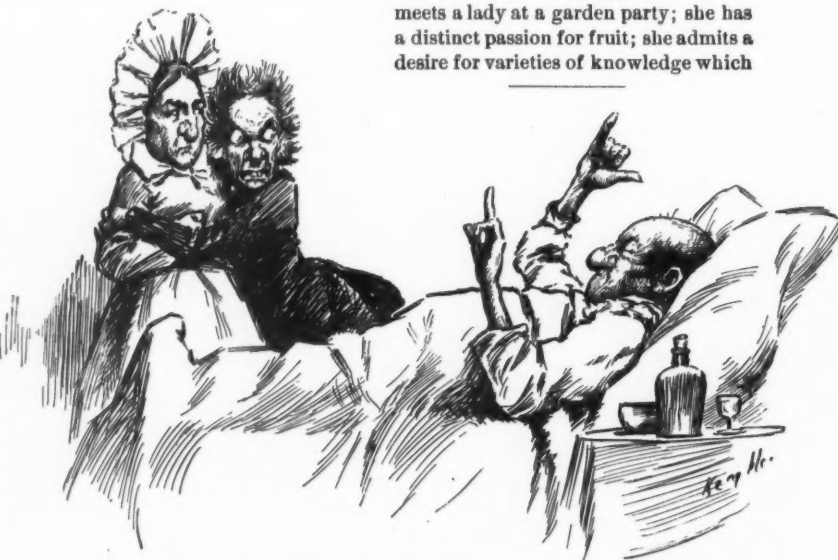
Home-coming American: YES, MY HAIR GREW OUT WHILE I WAS ABROAD.

"THEN I SHALL HAVE TO CHARGE YOU THE SPECIAL DUTY ON EUROPEAN-GROWN HAIR."

Shakespeare and Laura Jean Libbey. Ananias, who was somewhat modest about his church contributions, and refused, being no parvenu, to boast of the extent of his possessions, has under-

gone ages of abuse; and yet we do not heap contumely upon our leading citizens who exhibit a similar coyness in the presence of brutal tax-gatherers.

The majestic Satan is also a sufferer from this same lack of appreciation. He meets a lady at a garden party; she has a distinct passion for fruit; she admits a desire for varieties of knowledge which



The New Doctor: GREAT SCOTT, NURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAS HE GOT 'EM?

"GOT NOTHIN'! WHY, THE POOR SOUL IS DEAD AND DUMB. HE'S JUST TALKIN' IN HIS SLEEP."



BETTER THAN DIVORCE.

HOW THE SWATEKYNSES SETTLE THEIR MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCES.

the absence of a woman's club deprives her of; she hesitates to act in the absence of her husband. With the tact and *savoir faire* of a true gentleman, the devil admires the fruit, and suggests that, were the orchard his, the lady should have her desires gratified; personally, he can see no reason why a husband should object. This is the whole transaction, and yet the gentleman is constantly spoken of in terms of reprobation, and called the Father of Lies. We do not consider it good form nowadays to read lessons of domestic obedience to ladies we meet socially, nor to decry their taste in fruit.

FAIRLY considered, falsehood, so-called, is merely a lack of the sense of proportion and perspective. Thus, we say Hanna and Alger are great and good. Impartial people know at once that we simply mean that Hanna weighs four hundred pounds and that Alger is good to his friends. Excitable people, who have been absorbing the belligerency of the magazines, immediately grow angry and yell "liar!"

Compared, however, with the crude and uncouth manners and customs of former centuries, we are progressing towards a truer appreciation of the æsthetic value of lying.

The tombstones, if not the lives, of great men all remind us we may make our lies sublime. Funeral panegyric and the virtues of entablature might surprise their object, but not the audience; we look forward with satisfaction, if not with joyous anticipation, to the time when we, too, may hear praises without blushing, and sleep beneath a cargo of graces without vulgar protest.

Social terminology has improved with age, and the tendency is away from the crudities of other days. Men now get mellow, not drunk; they are charming conversationalists, not liars; they are impressionists in art, not dull daubers; we have erratic statesmen, but no demagogues; benevolent assimilation has superseded murder and robbery; the public treasury is no longer plundered, government contracts are distributed; scarlet is whitewashed in Dakota divorce courts, not lettered on ladies' garments; polygamy has been superseded by a procession of *divorcées*; the criminal has become a degenerate; insanity covers a multitude of sins; trusts have made highway robbery a lost art, and the distribution of public plunder has become statesmanship.

Terminology has in a measure softened the asperities and amenities of social intercourse, and made euphemism the acme of civilization. Other

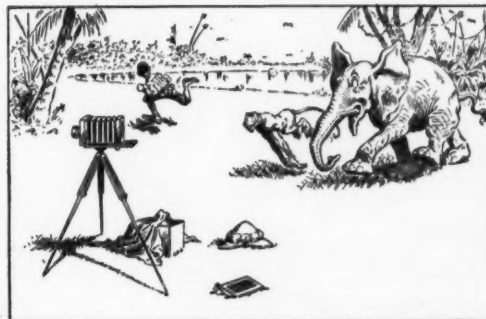
reforms in the interest of this great art of lying will follow. When the tailor abolishes pockets in his business, the police officer will cease the use of handcuffs; when the Decalogue—which, like the Constitution, is a trifle shopworn—is placed on the retired list, the irritating practice of truth may be possibly banished from our highest circles for good, and rude and indiscreet reformers be appointed to lucrative offices in the bubonic districts of the Philippines.

Meantime, let all the worthy practitioners in the Temple of Euphemism take heart; the world is awakening to the true value of fiction in the everyday life of the age, and we may see lying given its true place in the economy of the centuries among the fine arts.

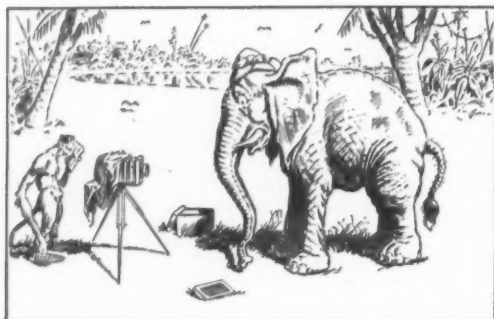
Joseph Smith.



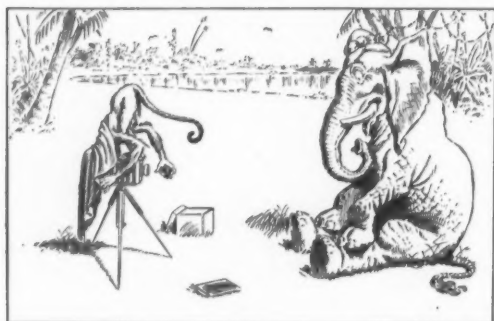
"A CAMERA FIEND, EH? I'LL GO GET THE ELEPHANT."



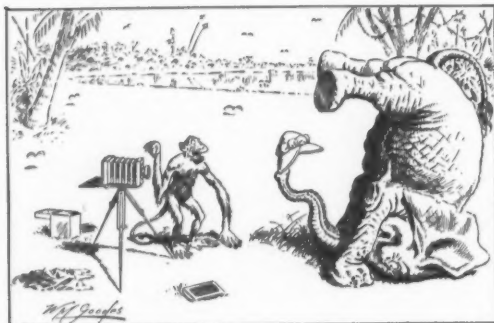
"NOW, THEN, LOOK PLEASANT."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOCKO?"
 "WHY, WHEN YOU LOOK THROUGH THE CAMERA EVERY-
 THING IS UPSIDE DOWN."



"BUT I THINK WE CAN OVERCOME THAT."



"NOW, JOCK, LET HER GO!"

BOOKISHNESS

The Reminiscences of a Happy Artist.

THERE is a charm about the recollections of Felix Moscheles, which he calls "Fragments of an Autobiography" (Harper), that suggests the artistic comradeship celebrated by DuMaurier. The two were friends in Bohemia, and Moscheles looks back on his life with something of the same glamor that DuMaurier depicted so strikingly. The chapter on Claude Dupont is a romance of art-student life. It begins with the fun of the initiation at the studio and ends with the untimely death of the brilliant young artist. The love story of the pathetic Madeleine, which ends with Claude's life, is as idyllic as a poem. The comedy parts of the episode are very amusing, and the adventures of Moscheles and Claude on a tour in the country remind one of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage."

His friendship with Robert Browning furnishes two entertaining chapters. There is little attempt to depict the man of letters. It was Browning, the genial studio guest, who interested Moscheles.

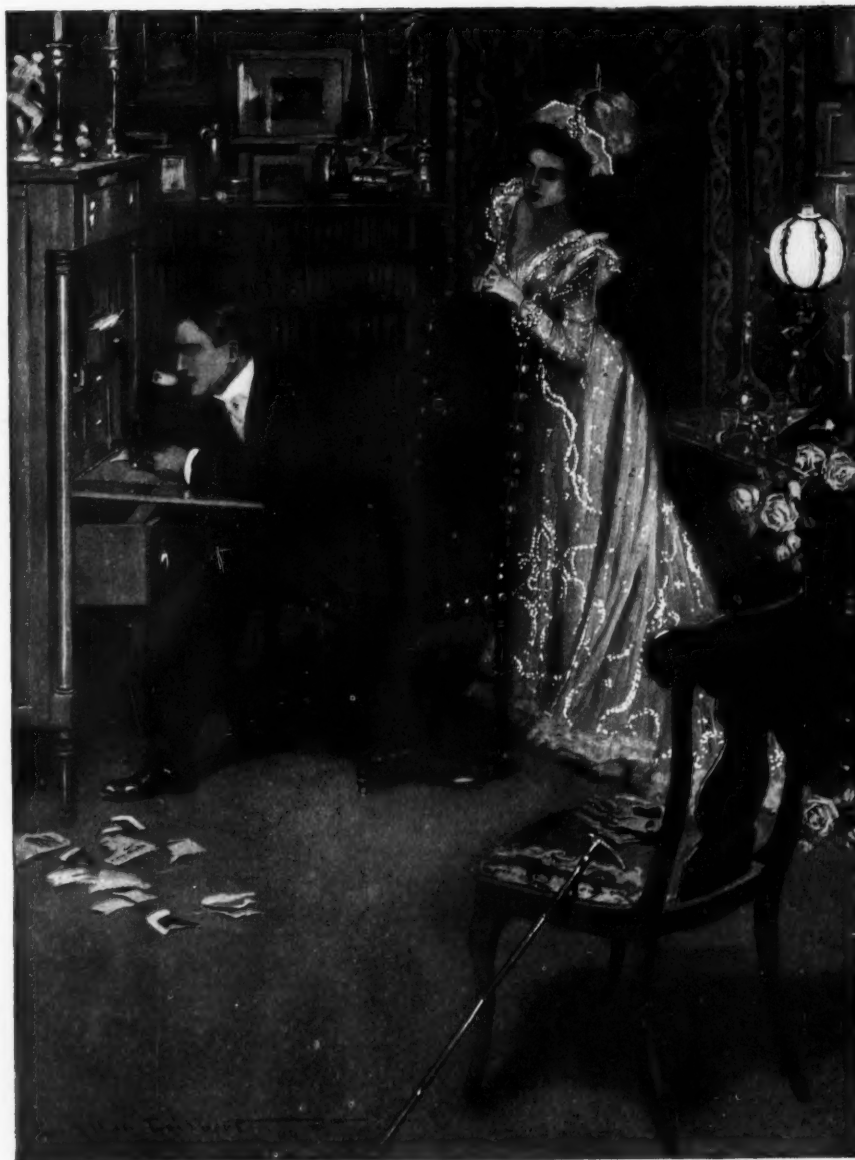
Moscheles has been unusually fortunate in his kinship with the arts. The son of an eminent musician, he was brought up in association with composers of the first rank, and his own musical talent kept him all his life in touch with the musical life of England and the continent. His own art, painting, brought him an entirely different circle of friends, and his literary aptitude in time added men of letters to his comradeship. He seems to have had a very happy temperament, and even his American reminiscences are good-natured—almost rose-colored. They are not of much importance, however; his "view" of Mr. Cleveland is rather commonplace, but contains one bit of characteristic Cleveland philosophy, about carrying great responsibilities: "When a man has fully and carefully considered all facts and arguments that can help him to a conclusion, and when he has decided to do what he considers right, according to the best of his judgment, there is no reason why he should not sleep as soundly as ever he did before."

Mr. Moscheles is to be congratulated upon the sane view he has taken of the artistic life. He has followed it unswervingly and happily. It has brought him some fame and many friends—and he is content.

A VERY up-to-date book of travel is Major Younghusband's "The Philippines and Round About" (Macmillan). It is mostly taken up with Manila since the surrender. Aguinaldo and Dewey are pictured at close quarters; so also is the American soldier, who has been a source of perpetual amusement to the English Major, who thinks that he is not much of a soldier according to the rules, but is a very fine man and a dandy fighter. Moreover, he is uniformly courteous to women of all classes. The dialect which he talks in the Major's book is fearfully and wonderfully compounded of Bret Harte and Miss Wilkins. This is



WHO ARE THEY?



"SO YOU DIDN'T GET THE GIRL YOU WANTED? WELL, IT MIGHT BE WORSE."
"IT IS WORSE! NOW I CAN'T GET THE ONE I DIDN'T WANT."

thrown in for local color, but will hardly be recognized by the boys of the Twentieth Kansas or Tenth Pennsylvania.

In general, the Major thinks that we may easily grow sick of our bargain on financial grounds, and in a few years begin to look around for somebody to take the islands off our hands. He hints that Great Britain ought to keep her eyes open for that emergency—which is very generous of the Major.

MRS. FUGH FRASER'S "Letters from Japan" (Macmillan), in two volumes, is founded on a residence of several years in Tokyo, and is "a record and an appreciation." While dealing mostly with the life of the capital, it records journeys into the remote hill country. This everyday record, the author hopes, will bring Japan "a little nearer to the understanding and sympathy of to-day's England."

A pretty generous use of the editorial axe

in chopping out commonplace letters might have brought Japan considerably nearer, without trying the reader's patience.

FROM Japan to Dawson City is something of a jump. Frederick Palmer's "In the Klondyke" (Scribner) gives a racy account of that picturesque mining camp. He has a gift for picking up odd characters along the trail or in camp, and the book gives a vivid impression of the actual conditions of the life as the author saw it during a winter visit. His own photographs add to the realism of the story.

Droch.

Pathology.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN: It is hardly possible that she has the disease you mention.
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN: Why not?

"Why, she tells me she never knew there was such a disease."



"IT STANDS TO REASON."

BELLBOY Party in sixty-three have hung hisself wif de rope fire escape!

CLERK: Heavens! He must have imagined the hotel was on fire!



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THE EDUCATION (XXX.

MR. PIPP, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, ATTENDS THE RACES.



THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXX.

HE, ATTENDING THE RACES, HE HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE TO PICK A FEW WINNERS.



**Mr. Charles Frohman Presents
Mr. William Shakespeare.**

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN'S first venture into the field of Shakespearian production was very far from being a discreditable performance. His large command of theatrical resources was used under good advice, and the play was presented with excellent judgment and taste. He gave "Romeo and Juliet" the best setting it has probably ever had in the way of scenery and costuming. It could easily have been made more spectacular and magnificent,

and Mr. Frohman's abstention from mere vulgar display was as effective as it was unexpected. The scenic effects were concentrated on the garden scene, with the result that this episode of the play was given a semblance of reality lacking in previous arrangements. The ingenious use of the barred gate to the Capulet garden, instead of the usual "carpenter scene," gave the whole of *Romeo's* romantic and sudden winning of his lady a new and plausible atmosphere. The setting of the piece might have been more scholarly in detail, and it might also have been more tawdry in gen-



F. RICHARDSON

"WHO NOSE?"

eral effect. The absence of the latter is ample compensation for any lack of effort in the former direction. The only noticeable blemish in the scenery

is the very wooden and joiner-like flight of stairs that leads into the marble tomb of the Capulets.

The main interest in the acting naturally centred in Miss Maude Adams's *Juliet*. It was remote from being the conventional *Juliet*. It was far better in a realization of the girlishness and emotionality of Shakespeare's heroine than in a perfect rendering of his lines. Anyone who looked for an interpretation of the beautiful speeches the author puts into *Juliet's* mouth would be disappointed; another, who sought only the impressions of a very young and emotional girl carried through a tragic romance, would find in Miss Adams's portrayal a most moving and convincing picture. In appearance she is not at all the warm and precocious beauty of a Southern clime,

but what she lacks in Italian sensuousness she makes up in vivacity and a magnetism peculiarly her own. Miss Adams can never be a great *Juliet*, but she may always be a charming one.

Mr. Faversham's *Romeo* is much more conventional. In the garden scene this made him almost grotesque, so badly did it contrast with *Juliet's* apparent spontaneity. His delivery was the good old mouthing of the English mummer, whose highest rule is that certain consonants shall be split into two syllables. Mr. Hackett as *Mercutio* went to the other extreme, and his lines—noticeably those of the Queen Mab speech in the first act—were spoken, in the effort to make *Mercutio* the jolly blade he should be, in a trivial manner that robbed them of half their expression.

So far as personal appearance went, and for the general effectiveness of the play, Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham might well exchange parts. Mr. Faversham's sardonic manner and bulldog look would certainly better favor the fighting *Mercutio*, as Mr. Hackett's personal comeliness would the romantic hero. Both gentlemen would profit by singing lessons, or other vocal exercises, to give them greater facility in the use of their speaking voices. The other members of the cast were competent, but made no especial points.

Mr. Frohman and the New York public are to be congratulated on so good a performance of a standard drama at a fashionable theatre. The enterprise is said to be highly successful from a pecuniary point of view, which leads to the hope that it may be followed by others on similar lines.

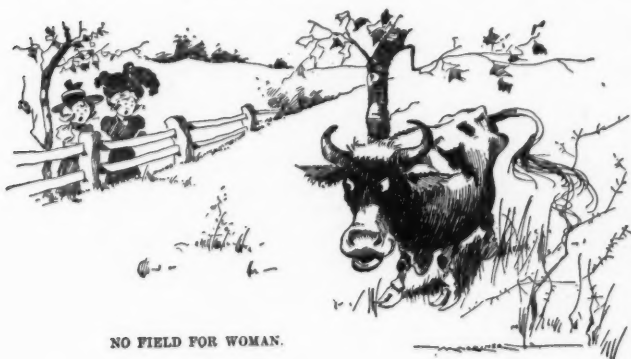
THIS production set an excellent example to all the other theatres in New York. Although it was elaborately staged and called for eleven changes of scene during the acts, the curtain went up on time at the first performance, the *entr'actes* were brief, and there was not a single hitch nor a stage wait during the entire evening. This record is as unusual as it is commendable.

Metcalfe.

We All Understand It.

WILLIS: Money talks.

WALLACE: Yes; and it speaks a universal language, too.



NO FIELD FOR WOMAN.



Reproduced from LIFE of October 20, 1898.

"SUPPOSE A LITTLE OF THE BEEF WAS SPOILED—WHAT OF THAT?"

Extract from the speech of Secretary Alger at the dinner of the Michigan Sons of the Revolution, Detroit, April 28, 1899.

He Explains and Illustrates.

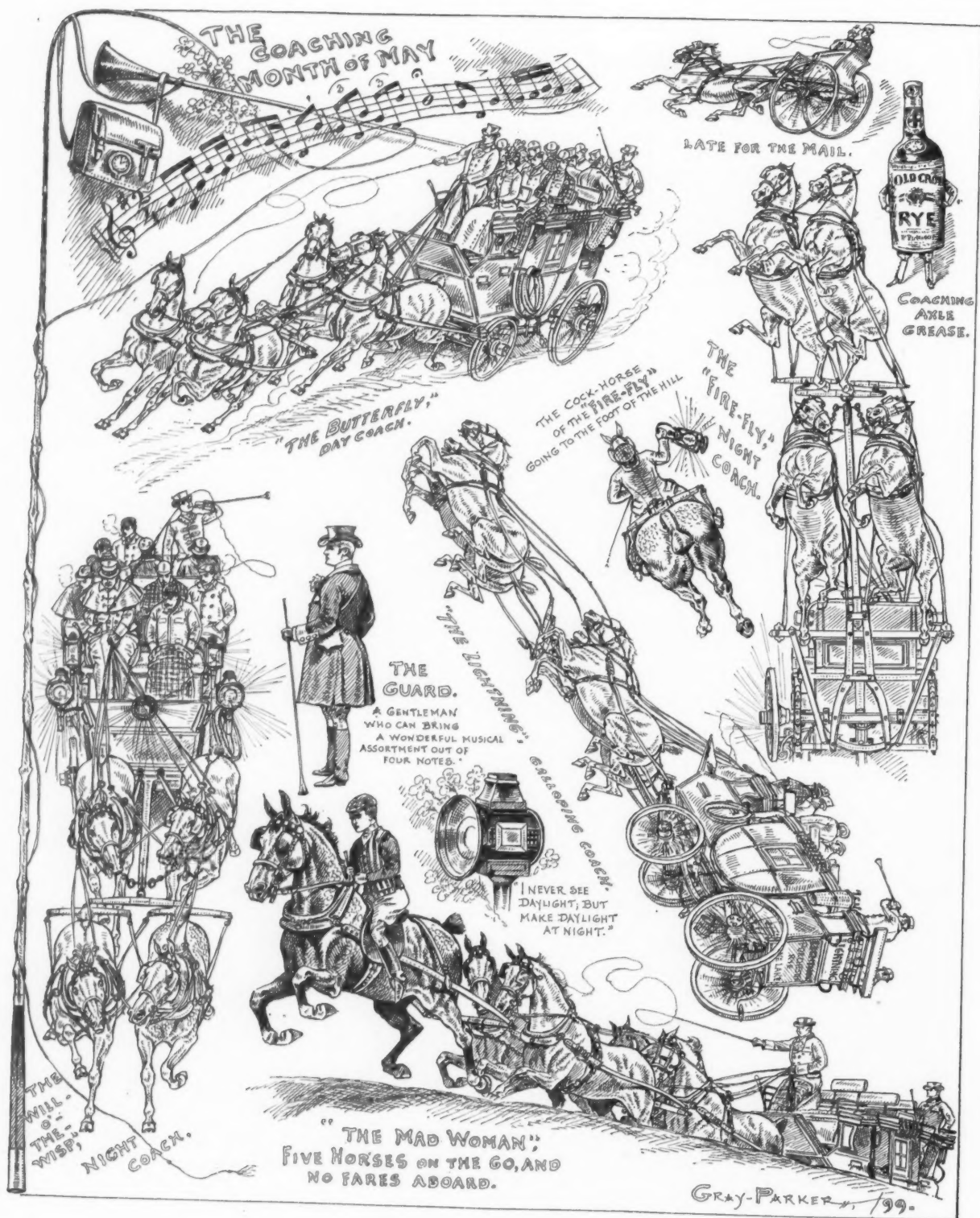
"WHY is it that you are considered so wise?" asked the mouse.

"My friend," replied the owl, as he laid his claw gently but firmly on the mouse, "it is because I know a good thing when I see it."

DICKERMAN: Have you ever noticed what long ears Secretary Alger has?

DIXON: Yes, and the resemblance doesn't end there.

LIFE is informed that Secretary Alger will not demand from President McKinley an increase of salary on account of the new valuation on his services announced at the Detroit banquet by gentlemen who hold commissions under the War Department. On the contrary, he is busily engaged in designing a new medal of honor for officers who render distinguished services on Boards of Beef Inquiry. The new medal will bear on the obverse a can of Embalmed Beef rampant, and on the reverse the motto, "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."



A Simile.

"MY love for thee, vexatious maid
(Thine ear art lending?),
Is like Eternity—for it
Can have no ending."
"And mine for thee," she laughing said,
"Beyond all sinning,
Is like Eternity—for it
Hath no beginning."

A Bad Job for Georgia.



WHAT shall we say of what was done in Georgia the other day to the negro, Sam Hose! That negro's crime was unquestioned. His life was justly forfeit. The rage of the people who took it had ample justification. But

what did they do! A great mob took him, tortured him publicly, and burned him alive. The country people came by thousands to see the show. The man's roasted flesh was distributed among the spectators; his bones were broken up and carried away as relics. This happened in Georgia, one of the most progressive and enlightened States in the Union. If it had happened in Hayti, or in Mid-Africa, or even in Thibet, one could have moralized over it; but no, it happened in Georgia.

It was of no great consequence, so far as Sam Hose was concerned, by what means he made his exit from this world; but no one can doubt that he did Georgia an ill turn by becoming the nucleus of such an orgie as was held over him. Whoever reads the whole story of the crime can understand why it drove thousands of people frantic. That does not alter the fact that no State can afford to punish criminals as Georgia punished Sam Hose. It costs far too much. It is far too demoralizing.



Dante: WHAT WRETCHED SOUL IS THIS, FROM WHOM EVEN THE FLAMES RECOIL IN DISGUST?

Virgil: A SOCIETY REPORTER. BUT THE SIGHT IS SICKENING; LET US PROCEED TO THE NEXT CIRCLE.



LOVE'S PREDICAMENT.

He: YOU WISH TO SAY SOMETHING TO ME, LOVIE?

"IT'S A SECRET, DEARIE, AND I WANT TO WHISPER IT IN YOUR EAR."

THE Sunday newspaper is under discussion in London. Two daily papers, the *Daily Mail* and the *Telegraph*, have lately started Sunday editions. Under stress of public reproaches, the *Mail* offers to quit if the *Telegraph* will. The *Telegraph*, at last accounts, lay low and would say nothing.

Americans who go to London for rest and change must be sorry to see the Sunday newspaper invade the capital. For them the Sunday newspaper means an interruption of repose. What it means for the Londoners is another matter. Some find better uses for Sunday than reading newspapers; others don't. Once the Sunday paper becomes prevalent, however, there is no escape from it. It fastens upon the whole community, and becomes practically compulsory, like schooling or vaccination.

The wonder is that London has held out against it so long. Edinburgh may escape it, but hardly London.



How Commodore Schley got his first command is an amusing episode in his early career. After leaving the *Niagara* he was promptly promoted to a lieutenantancy, and assigned as executive officer of one of the ninety-day gunboats, the *Owasca*, of the Gulf Squadron. Her commanding officer—his name is of no consequence, and he is dead now—was a devotee of John Barleycorn, and periodically had to retire to his cabin for repairs, where he usually stayed a week. The *Owasca* was stationed off Mobile, and was one of a small squadron of which Captain James Aiden of the *Richmond* was senior officer.

One day a quartermaster of the *Richmond* reported to Captain Aiden that the Captain's gig of the *Owasca* was approaching, and the Captain's pennant flying. Supposing his visitor to be the Captain of the *Owasca*, Aiden put on his uniform coat, the side boys were ordered, and the boatswain's mate made ready for his three pipes at the gangway. When the *Owasca's* gig came alongside the man who sprang up the ladder was Lieutenant Schley.

"I expected to see Captain — of the *Owasca*," said Aiden, with slight sarcasm.

"I am commander of the *Owasca*, sir," said Schley.

"Since when?" asked Aiden.

"An hour ago, sir," said Schley.

"Where is Captain —?"

"Locked up in his cabin, sir, drunk."

"Who locked him in?" asked Aiden.

"I did. I first put him under arrest and then shut him up in his cabin. Then I took command of the ship, and here I am to report for orders."

Aiden was fond of a joke, and he was at first disposed to laugh at the young man's summary action, but he said:

"Well, the first order I'll give you is for you to lower that pennant in the gig, go back to your ship, sir, unlock that

cabin door, and restore Captain — to duty. Then report in writing if the Captain's illness still incapacitates him, and I will know what to do. Don't be in too great a hurry to get command of a ship, Mr. Schley."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

SPEAKER REED, Senator John Sherman and Congressman Foote were visiting Lake Champlain, and an active and imaginative native acted as cicerons. Unaware of the identity of the party, this worthy embellished his narrative of the region with fictitious historical details, directing his tallest tales to Mr. Reed. Finally, Sherman presented the Speaker. "You don't know, sir, that the gentleman is the Speaker of the American Congress?"

"Do tell!" said the native, without any great degree of astonishment. "I've heard something of you," he continued, addressing Reed. "They do say as how you be the greatest speaker that they have ever had. They do say that you can speak for fifteen hours on a stretch."

"This is too much," said Reed. "He takes me for a United States Senator."—*Exchange*.

ONE day an examiner was listening to a class of Irish boys in London as they repeated Macaulay's "Horatius."

"Would three soldiers, nowadays," he asked, "be likely to hold a bridge against a whole army?"

"No, sir," the boys answered.

"Would three Englishmen, for example?" he continued.

"No, sir," said the class.

"Would three Scotchmen?"

They again dissented.

"Would three Irishmen?"

"Please, sir," shouted an excitable little fellow, "one Irishman would do it!"—*Cornhill*.

THE opposing counsel, in cross-examining the young doctor, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability

of so young a man to understand his business. The result proved the young physician to be as quick-witted as the learned counsel.

"Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.—*Argonaut*.

RUDYARD KIPLING's maternal grandfather was the Rev. George E. Macdonald. It is related of him that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterward married, the father-in-law-to-be—an aged Methodist, with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair. Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said: "Mr. Macdonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other."

Macdonald's reply was: "That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."—*Exchange*.

AFTER a man has taken a girl to the theatre as often as six times, and called upon her with chocolates in his pocket, she begins to see a resemblance in him to her favorite hero in a novel.—*Atchison Globe*.

A WITNESS in the court in Dublin was recently asked, "Was Michael Flaherty your grandfather?"

"He was till a bull killed him," said Mr. Flaherty.

—*Youth's Companion*.

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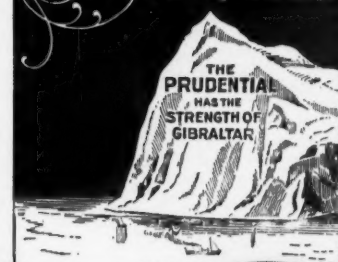


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—Chicago Evening Post.

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LAYMAN: Is it true that you can never get a direct answer from a lawyer?

LAWYER: I think it would depend upon what your understanding of the word "direct" is, and upon the character and disposition of the lawyer.—Boston Transcript.

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The old beau, playing the professor, consents to reveal to his admirers and followers some of his secrets of seduction. "The secret of my good fortunes, my friends, behold here is an infallible one. Perfume yourselves as I do with the Violette du Czar of Oriza-Legrand—found at all druggists and perfumers. It is distinguished, it is discreet, and I repeat it to you, it always is infallible with a pretty woman."

"You young scoundrel," said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair, "I'll show you how to treat your mother." And he gave him several bangs on the ears, then shook him until his hair began to fall out.—Wasp.

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"I guess that is all, Nora; we will now nail it up."

"Excuse me, mum," said Nora, "but how is he ever going to get it open unless we put in an axe?"

—Harper's Bazar.

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—Detroit Free Press.



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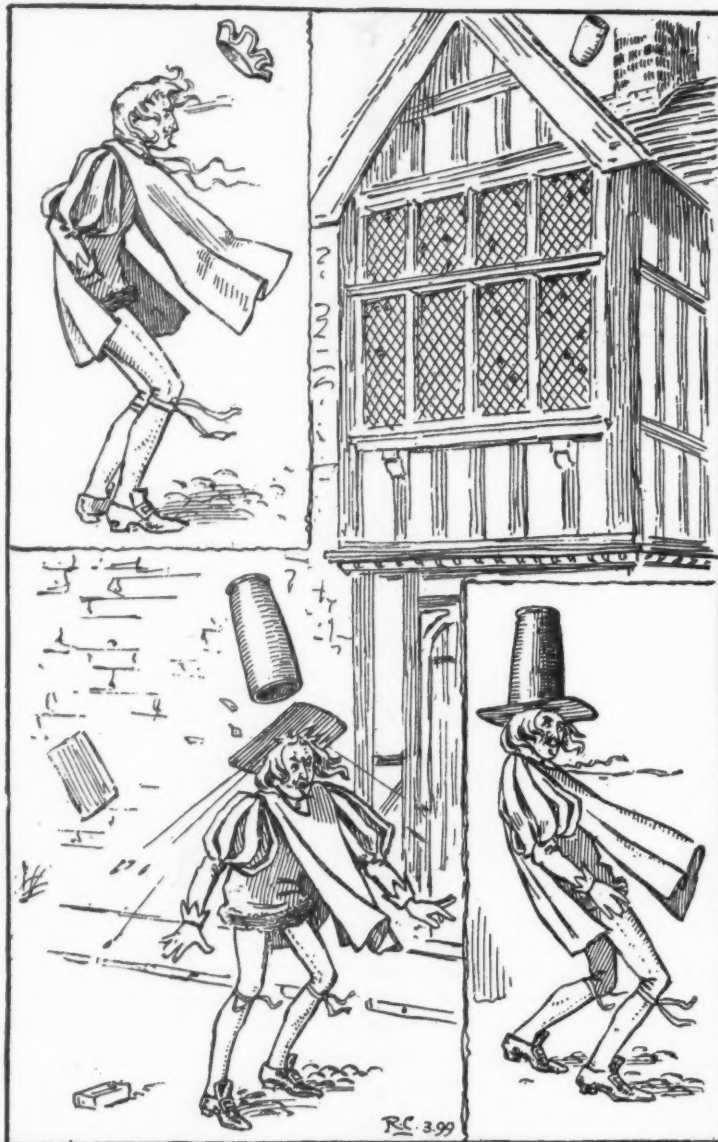
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